



S. Sharpe del' et sc.

The English Mad Bull
- A N D -
Irish Rabbit Merchant

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LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN:

OR THE

MONSTROUS DROLL

JESTER,

AND

CHEARFUL COMPANION.

CONTAINING

*Upwards of Two Hundred and Fifty
Good Things,*

Many of which are not to be found in any other
Collection.



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LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN.

The Laws of Laughing.

LAUGHING is that noble faculty which distinguishes man from beast; which shews the rationality of the soul, that can be moved independent of the senses: it is the mark of reason, the badge of good humour, and the sign of mirth.

The man who has not mirth within himself,
And is not mov'd to laughter by a Joke,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

It is said of the Roman Cassius, that

“He seldom smil'd; or smil'd in such a sort,
“As if he scorn'd himself, that could be mov'd
“To smile at any thing.”

Now this fellow Cassius always lived a melancholy life, and at last died a murderer: but the man who lives laughing, generally dies in his bed, as an honest man ought.

With respect to laughing, we should consider three things. First, who laughs; secondly, who is laughed at; and thirdly, what the laughing is about. When a man tells a merry tale, he should laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his own mind more than his countenance; for he who laughs aloud at his own joke, is in the court of Comus considered as a fool. When a merry story is told, you may be allowed to make a little noise in laughing, as it is a kind of compliment to the speaker, and an approbation of the story; but never break into the middle of a story by laughing; such interruption is very disagreeable, both to the speaker and auditors: besides, you ought to save all your merry ammunition for the end of the tale.

Laughing not only increases the good humour of society, and promotes good fellowship, but is of infinite service to the health: and has sometimes saved the life of sick persons, as the following story will prove. Doctor Radcliffe was remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country, to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and perceiving that no application would be of service, desired the cook to make a large hasty pudding, and let his servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he takes his man aside, and instructed him what to do. By and by the man brings up the pudding in great order, and sets it on the table in full view of the patient. “Come, John, (said the doctor;) you love hasty pudding: eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast.” Both then fell to with spoons; but John’s spoon going twice to his mouth to his master’s once, the doctor takes occasion to quarrel with him, and dabs a spoonful of hot pudding in his face. John throws another at his master. This puts the doctor in a passion, and quitting his spoon, takes it up by handfuls, and throws it at at his man, who battles him again in the same manner, till they were both in such a woeful pickle, that the patient, who had a

full view of the skirmish, was so delighted at the comical combat, that he burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter; which broke the quinsy, and cured him.

Something like the above was effected by the absent Parson Harvest, as follows. In one of his absent fits he mistook a friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open; and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till coming into a middle room, where was an old Lady ill of a quinsy, he stumbled over the night-stool, threw a cloaths-horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants, who finding Dr. Harvest in the room, instead of the Apothecary that was expected, quieted the old Lady's fears, who by this time was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter, that it broke the quinsy in her throat; and she lived many years afterwards to thank Mr. Harvest for his lucky mistake.

Laugh and be fat is a common saying; therefore I would recommend laughing to the consumptive, ill-conditioned, and splenetic, as a certain cure for their disorders. If you are laughed at, don't be angry; that will but increase the laughter of those who jeer, as the only way is to retort jest for jest, and joke for joke; and when a story is told to expose any of your follies, amend by the tale; and at the same time tell a story, to expose some folly peculiar to the person who attempted to expose you, that he may improve by it likewise. Thus laughing will be of mutual benefit, and good humour and instruction go hand in hand. Besides a retort has great force, since it not only takes away the sting of a former jest, but establishes your reputation for a ready turn of wit.

Thus when the pay of a certain regiment in France had been kept back for a long time, one of the Captains belonging to it, being greatly pushed for money, and much disconcerted, went to the Colonel, and said, "Three words with you, Sir: *Money or Discharge.*" The Colonel immediately replied, "Four with you, Sir: *Neither one nor t'other.*"

But the best way not to be four, when joked upon, is to try to gain such an ascendancy over your passions, as to be always in a good humour with yourself; for which purpose, I shall conclude these remarks with a short story.

A beautiful young roving god went into a nation of humpbacked people. When he entered the capital, he was surrounded by a multitude of the inhabitants, who derided, jeered, and taunted at him most unmercifully, and would shortly have proceeded to violence, had not one, wiser than the rest, cried out, "My friends and countrymen! what are you going to do? Let us not insult this unhappy piece of deformity. If heaven has lavished upon us all the gifts of beauty, if it has adorned our backs with mountains of flesh, let us be filled with gratitude, repair to the temple, and return thanks to the immortal gods." This is the history of human vanity; for to succeed in any country, we must carry the hunch of the nation into which we travel.

BULL upon BULL;

Or, the English Mad Bull and the Irish Rabbit Merchant.

A mad bull having once out-ran his inhuman pursuers in Fleet-street, came up with a newly imported Irishman near the corner of the Butcher-Row, who, having a quantity of rabbits on a stick across his shoulder, and being very intent on the sale of them, with the usual cry of, "*Rábeet, Rábeet,*" heard no part of the hue and cry after him. The animal, having surveyed Paddy and his ware for a moment, fixed one of his horns very dextrously in the hind part of his breeches, and, with a sudden twirl, threw him directly over his head, when the poor Hibernian alighted plump on his breech, with his face towards Temple-bar, and the bull pursued his course along the Strand. Equally surprised and enraged at such unexpected treatment, and being so much blinded with passion as to be incapable of conceiving who or what it was that had so served him, he started up in the utmost fury, and exclaimed, "*Where is the thief that threw me over his head?*" The persons nearest him, fearful lest he should take satisfaction on some of them for what the animal had done, pointed to the bull, who had, by this time, got some way a-head, and informed the unfortunate Rabbit Merchant, that it was him; when Paddy, shaking his head in a very significant manner, as if in doubt whether it was the bull, or one of the spectators, that had served him such a scurvy trick, exclaimed, "*The Bull! was it? And is that the way that your English Bulls TRAIT a stranger? The Devil burn me, but he must not do that any more though!*" When one of the by-standers asking him why, he replied, "*BECAUSE if he, or any OTHER MAN, was to serve me in that manner again, by the BLOOD of my Grandmother's GHOST, I'd be after breaking his jaw.*"

A cobbler one day sitting in a public house, with several more of his brethren of the lapstone, was boasting of his great knowledge in figures; and, after asking several school-boy questions, and answering them himself with all the consequential airs of a learned pedant, applied to a person, who sat opposite him in another box, to give his approbation of the great arithmetical abilities of this learned but spurious son of Crispin; when the other, who was a sort of wag, looking him very gravely in the face, replied, "*I have heard that all cobblers are beggars. Now, I know that all beggars are not cobblers. Pray can you, who are so great an arithmetician, inform me which is the most numerous body of the two; those Cobblers that are Beggars, or those Beggars that are Cobblers?*" When our Knight of the Last, after scratching his head, and puzzling his brains for some seconds of time, vociferously exclaimed, "*No, I'll be d—d if I can; nor you neither.*"

One of the Dover Stages, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman; who being informed by the coachman, there were no inside passengers, and only one in the basket, and he a sailor, the robber instantly proceeded to exercise his functions upon the honest tar: when waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know what he wanted? To which the son of Plunder replied, "Your money."—"You shan't have it," says Jack. "No, (replied the robber;) "then I'll blow your brains out." "B—st your eyes, blow away," says Jack. "I may as well be "without brains as without money.—Drive on, Coachey."

A gentleman, by way of ridiculing family pride, used to confess that the first of his ancestors of *any* note was a Baker and Dealer in Hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To procure a present sum, he had robbed his feather-beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for the hops, which, in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable; "and thus," he used to add, "our family *happ'd* from obscurity."

"My family," says the Duke of Leeds; "deduces its origin from Jack Osborne, the shop-boy of a pin-maker on London-bridge, in the reign of one of the Henrys. The only daughter of his master fell from a window into the Thames; the lad saw her situation, and rescued her. Some years after the young lady had many noble suitors; but 'Jack won her,' said the old citizen, 'and he shall wear her.'

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep; but was awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech your grace," said Malherbe, "to excuse me; I can sleep exceedingly well where I am."

Definition of a CLEAR HEAD.

Whenever the celebrated professor, *William Hunter*, heard any person compliment another, by saying he had A CLEAR HEAD, he was observed to smile: and would sometimes, in a fit of good humor, among his private friends, by way of ridiculing the term, take up a skull that had been eaten away in such a manner, by the venereal virus, as to be scarcely thicker than a sheet of paper; and holding it before a candle, so as to appear transparent, he would ludicrously say, "*Surely, now, nobody will dispute that this man 'bad' a CLEAR HEAD.*"

At the exhibition at Somerset House, there was a gentleman who seemed uncommonly attentive to every picture, and condemned, like a modern critic, *ad libitum*. Coming at last over-against a high-finished piece of fruit and flowers, with insects placed upon some of the leaves, he lifted up his right hand, and applied his eye-glass, which was set in silver, and curiously chased round the rim; on the little finger of the other hand, which held the catalogue, he had an antique, set round with rich brilliants. After he had pored over the picture for some time, he exclaimed, "O, horribly handled!—The colouring is execrable. Was this thing done for a fly? Never was any thing half so wretched.—A fly! Nothing was ever more out of Nature."—This speech brought a groupe of listeners about him: he then pointed to that part of the picture where this insect was executed in so abominable a manner: on the approach of his finger, the ill-done reptile flew away; for it happened to be a real fly!

When a certain Jew's daughter married without his consent, he roared like a Westphalian Polyphemus, thundering through all his house, "Vat a dam bish! My own shile too! bud she mos alway fond of reading boedry; dam boedry—Mdt she shall never have a siver of mine: I do now swear, by Cot, I will cut off my own bostersiors mid a shilling."

Footo being at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimbleful. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?" says his Lordship. "Perfectly so, indeed, (says the other.) I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before."

Letter from an Irish Gentlewoman to her Son in London.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I thought it my duty incumbint upon me, to lit you know that your only living sister, Camey Mac Frame, has been violently ill of a fit of sickness, and is dead; therefore we have small or no hopes of her gitting bitter. You dear modther constantly prayed for a long and speedy recovery. I am sorry to acquaint you, that your godfather Patrick O'Conner is also dead. His dith was occasioned by ateing rid hirrings stuffed wid paraties, or paraties stuffed wid rid-hirring, I do'nt know which; and notwithstanding the surgeons attended him for three weeks, he died suddenly for want of hilt on the day of his dith, which was Sunday night last. The great bulk of his estate comes to an only dead child in the family.

I have made a prisent of your sister's diamond ring to Mr. O'Hara, the great small-beer brewer, for three guineas; and I have taken the great corner-house that is burnt down, on a repairing lease.

I have sent you a Dublin Canary-bird, which I have carefully put up in a rat-trap, with some food in a snuff-box, which will come free of all charges, only paying the captain for the passage.

Write immediately, and don't stay for post. Direct for me next door to the Bible and Moon, in Copper Alley, Dublin; for there I am now; but I shall remove to-morrow into my new house. Don't find to me in a frank again; for the last litter that came free was charged thirteen-pence. So no more at present from

Your dutiful mother,

CAMEY CARRNAYL MAC FRAME.

P. S. I did not seal this letter, to prevent it from being broke open; therefore find word if it miscarries.

The following curious circumstance took place at a country theatre, a short time ago, by a 'would-be-clever performer,' who thought he would amend the author by introducing a little of what is called *gag*. The play was Hamlet, and our hero performed the humble part of Guildenstern. All had gone on tolerable smooth until that part of the third act where Hamlet offers the recorders to him. The dialogue commenced in the words of the author:—

"Will you play upon this pipe?"

"My lord, I cannot."

"I pray you——"

"Believe me, I cannot."

"I do beseech you——"

Guildenstern's sense of politeness was then called into action; and, like another Kemble, he boldly introduced a new reading; for, instead of the proper reply, 'I know no touch of it,' he amended the text with, 'Well, since your royal highness is so pressing, I don't care if I do *try* a bit;' and snatching the flute out of his hand, to the unspeakable astonishment and horror of Hamlet, began playing the Belle-isle march. The audience half laughed themselves into convulsions, and, during the remainder of the play, were utterly unable to pay the least tribute of attention to the sorrows of the unhappy prince.

A butcher's boy being sent to a gentleman with his master's compliments, to know how he did, was ordered into the parlour. The lad went in with his hat on, and his hands stuck in his apron. "Well, Jack, (says the gentleman,) what's your business?" "My master sends his compliments, and desires to know how you do." "I thank your master, I am better: but where's your hat?" The boy made no answer, but returning home, told his master, "The gentleman says he is better. But he is as blind as a beetle." "How so?" (said the master.) "Why, he asked me, where my hat was? and I had it on all the while."

One day in the winter, two men having taken a walk to Stoke Newington, on their return across the fields from Newington Green, when they came to the New River, at the Bridge leading to Highbury Place, they observed it frozen over, and one of them attempted to cross on the ice; but it gave way in the middle, and he was quickly up to his chin in water. Having got out, his friend, who was a little man, ridiculed, and laughed at him, for supposing it would bear his weight. But while the unfortunate venturer was pulling off his boots, to drain out the water, he heard a sudden splashing, and turning round, perceived his friend over head and ears in the river. He immediately jumped in, and brought him safe to the bank; but his hat and wig were left under the ice; when seeing a farmer's man, at some distance, with a pole in his hand, he ran towards him, bawling out, "Fish for my wig! Fish for my wig." The man, perceiving him bald-headed, and dripping with water, stood astonished, till he came within a few yards of him; when, much frightened (supposing he was mad) he roared out, "Damn your wig;" and took to his heels. The other followed, but could not overtake him. In a short time, returning, they both went to Highbury-Barn, and got their clothes dried: when the little hero informed his friend he thought the ice would bear him; but falling in, was so much frightened, he had not known what he did; but believed his race after the man had preserved him from any ill effects his ducking might have occasioned.

At a sea-port town in the West of England, an itinerant company of players were to perform the *Tempest*. A jolly tar, who went to see the play, got into the boxes, when, at the moment of the shipwreck, the temporary gallery gave way, and the company tumbled over one another into the pit. The sailor, who imagined it a part of the performance, shouted and hallooed as loud as his lungs would permit him. At his return from sea, being in London, he observed the same play was to be performed at Drury Lane: he went into the pit; and, just as the scene before mentioned commenced, he stamp'd with his foot, piped all hands, and, looking up to the gallery, called out, with a loud voice, "Take care my hearts, you're all a coming."

A student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for a peruke-maker, to measure him for a new tye-wig. The perukier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which the young barrister desired to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth. The barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head. "That is well, (said the student;) we lawyers have occasion for *long heads*." The barber, who had by this time compleated his dimensions, now burst into a fit of laughter; and an explana-

tion being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head *was just as thick as it was long.*

Tom Moor, the linen-draper, of Fleet-street, standing at his door one day, a countryman came up to him with a nest of Jackdaws, and accosting him, says, "Measter, wool ye buoy a nest of daws?" "No, I don't want any?" "Measter, (replied the man,) I'll sell'em all cheap; you shall have the whole nest for noinpence." "I don't want 'em, (answered Tom Moor,) so go about your business." As the man was walking away, one of the daws popt up his head, and cried, "Mauk, Mauk." "Damn it, (says Tom Moor,) the bird knows my name. Halloo, countryman, what will you take for that bird?" "Whoy, you shall have him for three-pence." Tom Moor bought him, had a cage made, and hung it up in the shop. The journeymen took much notice of the bird, and would frequently tap at the bottom of the cage, and say, "Who are you? who are you?" and immediately reply, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street." In a short time the jackdaw learnt these words; and, if he wanted victuals or water, would strike his bill against the cage, turn up the white of his eye, cock his head, and cry, "Who are you? who are you?—Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street." Tom Moor was fond of gaming, and often lost large sums of money. Finding his business neglected in his absence, he had a small hazard table set up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it. The jackdaw had by this time become familiar, his cage was left open, and he hopt into every part of the house: sometimes he got into the dining-room, where the gentlemen were at play. One of them being a constant winner, the others would say, "Damn it, how he nicks'em!" "The bird learnt these words also, and adding them, to the former, would call, "Who are you? who are you?"—Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street.—Damn it, how he nicks'em!" Tom Moor, from repeated losses and neglect of business, failed in trade, and became a prisoner in the Fleet. He took his bird with him, and lived on the master's side, supported by his friends, in a decent manner. They would sometimes ask, "What brought you here?" When he used to lift up his hands, and answer, "Bad company, by G—." The bird learnt this likewise, and at the end of the former words would say, "What brought you here? What brought you here?" and (to imitate his master,) lift up his pinions, and cry, "Bad company, by G—." Some of Tom Moor's friends died, others went abroad; and by degrees he was totally deserted, and removed to the common side of the prison, where the goal distemper had broke out. He caught it; and in the last stage of life, lying on a straw-bed, the poor bird (who had been two days without food or water) came to his feet, and, striking his bill on the floor, called out, "Who are

you? Who are you?—Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet street.—Damn it, how he nicks'em! Damn it, how he nicks'em! What brought you here? What brought you here?—Bad company, by G—. Bad company, by G—. Tom Moor, who attended to the bird, was struck with his words, and, reflecting on himself, cried out, "Good God! to what a wretched situation am I reduced! My Father, when he died, left me a good fortune, and an established trade. I have spent my fortune, ruined my business, and am now dying in a loathsome goal, and, to complete all, keeping that poor thing confined without any support. I'll endeavour to do one piece of justice before I die, by setting him at liberty." He made shift to crawl from his straw bed, opened the casement, and out the bird flew. A flight of jackdaws from the Temple was going over the gaol, and Tom Moor's bird mixed amongst them. The gardeners were then laying the plats of the Temple gardens, and as often as they placed them in the day, the jackdaws pulled them up by night. They got a gun, and attempted to shoot some of them; but, being cunning birds, they always placed one as a watch in the stump of a hollow tree; who, as soon as the gun was levelled, cried, "Mauk, Mauk," and away they all flew; so that the man could never shoot one of them. The gardeners were advised to get a net; and the first night it was spread they caught fifteen. Tom Moor's bird was amongst them. One of the men took the net into the garret of an uninhabited house, fastened the door and windows, and turned the birds loose. "Now (says he) you black rascals, I'll be revenged on you." Taking hold of the first at hand, he twists his neck, and (throwing him down) cries, "There goes one." Tom Moor's bird, who had hopt upon a beam in one corner of the room unobserved, as the man laid hold of the second, calls out, "Damn it, how he nicks'em!" The man, alarmed, cries, "Sure I heard a voice; but the house is uninhabited, and the door fast; it could only be imagination." On laying hold of a third, and twisting his neck, Tom Moor's bird again says, "Damn it, how he nicks'em!" The man dropt the bird he had in his hand; and, turning to where the voice came from, observed the other with his mouth open, and calls out, "Who are you?" to which the bird answered, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street." "The devil, you are! And what brought you here?" Tom Moor's bird lifting up his pinions, answered, "Bad company, by G—. Bad company by G—." The fellow, frightened almost out of his wits, opened the door, ran down stairs, and out of the house, followed by the birds, who by this means saved their lives, and gained their liberty.

A certain country farmer was observed never to be in a good humour when he was hungry: for this reason, his wife was very careful to watch the time of his coming home, and always have

dinner ready on the table. One day he surprised her, and she had only time to set a mess of broth ready for him, when he soon, according to custom, began to open his pipes, and maundering over his broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his mouth to some purpose. The good wife seeing him in that sputtering condition, comforted him as follows: "*See what it is now? had you kept your breath to cool your pottage, you would not have burnt your mouth, John.*"

Two servants discoursing over a pot of ale, of their masters' hospitality, one said his master kept a very noble Christmas this year, *for he killed an Ox every day.* *Tush* (said the other) *my master kills an Ox and a half.*

A gentleman being arrested for a pretty large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often professed a great friendship for him, to beg he would bail him. The other told him that he had promised never to be bail for any body; but with much kindness said, I will tell you what you may do: "*you may get somebody else if you can.*"

A Physician, being called to a lady, in August 1802, heard, as he entered her house, that the stocks were falling. He had bought to a considerable amount, and was so deeply affected by the news, that, whilst feeling his patient's pulse, he could not help repeating perpetually, "Good God! it falls! it sinks! it sinks!" The lady, alarmed, rang the bell, and cried out to her maids, "Oh, my God! I am dying! Mr. ——— says my pulse sinks, it sinks!"—"Not at all, Madam," replied the physician, recovering—"Your pulse beats admirably; you are out of all danger. It is the stocks I mean, by which I am a considerable loser."

It may not be uninteresting to the frequenters of our Theatre to be informed, that the black wig which is commonly worn by the scenic murderer in the tragedy of Hamlet, at Covent Garden Theatre, was formerly worn by King Charles the Second, who gave it to his Jester Killigrew, for the service of his Theatre. The doublet or jacket which Mr. Quick wore in Spado, in the Castle of Andalusia, was worn by King James the Second; and the suit of scarlet and gold wore by the same comedian in Arthur, in the farce of Tom Thumb, was the splendid suit in which Lord Northampton made his public entry as ambassador from Great Britain into Venice. The suit of brown which is worn by Mr. Suett in the character of Foresight, in Love for Love, was made for Mrs. Woffington, who wore it in the character of Sir Harry Wildair.

Parker, Bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance who was the best body of divinity, answered "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses." §

A nobleman going out one day, called his Irish servant to the side of the chariot, and bade him tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that he should be at home to dinner. But when my lord was got across the square in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and called to the coachman to stop; upon which my lord, pulling the string, desired to know what he wanted. 'My Lord,' said he, 'you bade me tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that you would be at home to dinner; but what am I to tell him if he does not come?'

A certain poor unfortunate gentleman, who was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs that he was in continual apprehension of them, going one day through Tavistock-street, his coat sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to hitch upon the iron spike of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately, turning about hastily, asked, 'At whose suit, Sir? at whose suit?'

Some years since, a gentleman, travelling the road, losing a portmanteau out of his chaise, containing a sum of money, he offered a reward to any person who should find it, but without effect. It had been picked up by an old man employed on the highway; who, unacquainted with its use, carried it home to his dame, and told her he had found a roll of leather, with an iron string. His wife, who knew it was a portmanteau, did not inform him; but the next day, when he was gone to labour, opened it, and discovered the contents. On his coming home at night, she said, it was a great pity he had no learning; and proposed his going to an evening-school, in the village, to learn to read. The old man unwillingly consented; but, after a month's trial, could make nothing of his book, and refused to go any longer. He went to work as usual; and one day the gentleman, who lost the portmanteau, being on the road, observed him, and enquired if he knew, or had heard, of one being found some months back? The old man did not understand what he meant, until the gentleman shewed that he had with him. "Why (said the old man) I found a roll of leather, like that: and if you'll go with me, you may have it." The gentleman gladly accompanied him; and, on their arrival at the cottage, he told his dame to bring the roll of leather. The wife (fearing a discovery) cried, "What roll of leather, you silly oaf?" "Why, that I found before I went to school." "Before you went to school! (said the gentleman.) Zounds, you old fool, that must be before I was born:" and left the house in a passion.

When Mr. Abington attended Miss Barton (afterwards Mrs. Abington) as a music-master, he insinuated himself into her affections, and secretly received favours from her, without the least injury to her character, until one night she lighted him down

stairs, and, as the people of the house supposed, shut him out. She returned to the company of her hosts, and as she always had her bed warmed, the servant went at her usual time to do it; but what was her astonishment, when, on running the pan full of *hot coals* in at the foot of the bed, it saluted the *posterior* of Mr. Abington, who leaped out with uncommon alacrity, and put on his cloaths, while the servant roared out Murder! Thieves!—and run out of the room. The landlady instantly appeared, and upbraided the detected pair with their conduct. Miss B. asserted marriage; but that not being believed, they were obliged to leave the house late at night, and jointly find a lodging.

Mr. Johnstone, in the early part of his life, was particularly fond of play; and had a dispute with the marker of a billiard-table, about ten shillings and a penny, which the latter said he owed for games; but Johnstone, not recollecting the circumstance, refused to pay it, though very often solicited. While performing Symon on the Dublin Theatre, where the verses of one of his songs concluded with, ‘Sing hey down derry! Sing hey down derry!’—to his great astonishment he was always answered by the marker from the gallery, with, ‘Pay me, Jack Johnstone, my Ten and a Penny—my Ten and a Penny.’ This curious way of demanding payment had the desired effect, and forced the hero to comply.

The late Mr. Hanway had hired a coachman, and was telling him the duty he required; concluding with, “You will attend every evening with the rest of the family at prayers.” “Prayers! Sir,” (said the coachman.) “Why, (asked Mr. Hanway,) “do you never say your prayers?”, “I have never lived in a praying family,” (replied the son of Jehu.) “But have you any objection?” “No, Sir, I have no objection; but, *I hope you will consider it in my wages.*”

A foolish idle fellow at Florence, hearing that a physician had obtained great credit and wealth by the sale of some pills, undertook to make pills himself, and to sell them. He administered the same pills to all persons whatever; and as by chance they sometimes succeeded, his name became famous. A countryman called on him, and desired to know if his pills would enable him to find an ass he had lately lost. The quack bade him swallow six pills. In his way home, the operation of the pills obliged him to retire into a wood, where he found his ass. The clown spread a report that he knew a doctor who sold pills that would recover strayed cattle!

When the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt were joint Secretaries, the former loved a warm room, and the latter, from the constant fever of his gout, could not bear it. This often teased the

Duke, who was obliged to hold conferences with Mr. Pitt at his own house. One cold morning, when Mr. Pitt was confined to his bed with the gout, the Duke begged hard for a fire in the room. "I can't possibly bear it," replied Mr. Pitt.—"Why then you can spare me a blanket," says the Duke, (snatching at a counterpane that lay at the feet of the bed, and wrapping it round him,) "as I find myself so cold, that without this covering I'm afraid my words will freeze before they reach you."

A half witted gentleman sent one day for a smith, to hang up two pictures, and asked him, when he had done, what he must have? 'Sir, (said the smith,) there are Two Ten-penny Nails, and what you please for my labour.' 'Well, Sirrah, (says he,) there's Two Shillings; Twenty-pence for Nails, and a Groat for your Labour.'

Dr. Lucas, the Rector of Eltham, who was in friendship with Garrick, Foot, &c. took his text one Sunday at that place, which was, 'Who art thou?' During the delivery of which, an officer walking up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, suddenly and unexpectedly replied, "I am, Sir, an officer of the 16th regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here; have brought my wife and family with me, and wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry." This answer so deranged the congregation, and so astonished the divine, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could proceed, and his congregation listen with a due share of decorum.

Some years ago, Mr. Thicknesse, being in great want of money, applied to his son (Lord Audley) for assistance; but being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall in the same street, directly opposite his Lordship's house, and had a sign put up with these words on it, "Boots and Shoes made and mended by Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." This answered the purpose; and he was supplied with every thing he wanted on condition of his leaving the stall.

A Yorkshire gentleman and his man came to see Bristol, and being invited to dine at a friend's house, before dinner they walked with the gentleman and his wife into the garden. "Sir, (says she,) have you as large cabbages as these in Yorkshire?" "As these! Yes, indeed, Madam: were you to see 'em, they'd make you stare. I have cabbages so large, that they would shelter two team of horses under 'em a whole winter. What do you say, Ralph?" "Why, truly Sir, (said he,) I seldom come into the garden: but I can tell, you make wind-mill posts of the stalks of them;" which made them wonder. Then they went into the dairy, and shewed them the cheefes, saying, "They were held for the largest."

cheeses in England." "Ah, Madam, except Yorkshire, I beseech you. Why mine are so big, that my maid is forced to call the men to turn 'em with levers every morning. Is it not true, Ralph?" "Why, indeed, Sir, (said he,) I seldom come into the dairy; but this I can say, that the whey of one of your cheeses will drive a mill for three hours together." The gentleman and his wife wondered mightily at it. Then they shewed him a prospect of the house, and asked him whether it was not very high. "Not to compare with ours, Madam, I'll assure you, (says he.) I have a house in Yorkshire, which is so high, that if a man goes into the uppermost room, and does not take a six-penny loaf with him, he'll be starved before he comes down. Is not what I say true, Ralph?" Says Ralph, "Indeed, Sir, when I went I took a twelvepenny loaf up with me, and eat all before I came down again; and when I was in the uppermost room of all, I could hear people talk in the other world, but could not tell what they said." This made the man and his wife stand in admiration. Dinner being ready, they went immediately to it.

A gentleman was relating his adventures; and said, he was once upon the highest mountain, he believed, that was in the world. "Indeed, (said he,) it was so high, that falling asleep, the moon going her journey, came so close by me, that she took my hat off my head." "I pray, (says another,) how did you do for your hat?" "Do! (says he) I was fain to wait with patience till the next night, and then she put it very civilly upon my head again."

CURIOUS COUNTRY SHOP BILLS.

TIMOTHY QUID,

Son in-law and Successor to the Great Isaac Fac-Totum,

INFORMS his friends at large, and the public in particular, that he carries on business as afore. Teeth drawed and not kept a moment, by the ear, month, or quarter; mops and sand fold hair, old sticks taken in exchange. Flea-bottomy performed in a cures manner.

And N. B. I am informed some ill disposed parsons reported as how that I ment to quit bishes; I takes this hear public method, officially to inform my friends, that they does not listen to such blood-thirsty proceedings. Also likewise be wary of counterfits, because I'll tell you as why, I wends all sorts of sparrow Grass, with grid irons, drefs caps and salfages; moreover am advished to take up the rabbit fancy and sell ginny-pigs. I is the inventer of Taffy's Lixer and Godfather's Cordal.

Heads shaved and Coles fold

By TONY PINCH,

CUSSIN to Timmy Quid, who was sucksefor and sun in law to Great Ifac Fac-to-Tum, who was a fee holder in this hear countee, fizifian, oylinan, barber, lamplighter, jingerbred baker, lining draper and tallow-chandler; and father Moor in Particular, as laid in a large sortment of china, tripe, perriwigs and other pickles. Likewise sells all sorts of doctors stuffs, cats and dogs meat, mutton pies, pins, red herrings, chamber pots, and such kind of things.

I undertook to lerne any ladey or jenteelman to dance, sing, or play the bag-pipes, by the munth, weeak, or singal year, at my ball-room, where the above things may be had. I is also willing and capable of curing the harte burn without fizick, old rags and nailes bort and sold holefale by the pound, new lade eggs every day by me,
Tony Pinch.

N. B. Sells blacking bawls and silk stockends.

ME PETER RAPPEE,

Wo was sarvant to a parson that kept a moustard mill and ground snuff, having larnt the bisnes, took a shop and parlar, ware I sells goosseberrys, black puddings, red herrins, butter, brick dust, lolly pops, and all hother kinds of frute.—In particular I is a tailer, fishmonger, barber, chimble sweeper and butcher; moreover I follers the painting bisnes, but havin left it hos a great while, intends doing a little in the baking way, because I was bred a basket maker.

And father Moor is going to begin bisnes, so this is too inform my kreditters hif they dont cum and pay me what they owe me, I will shoe them directly.—I must have been born a broker, for I am shure I never was bread one; however I carrys on a smoking in trade, and takes my pint at the coach and horses as well as my naybors.—So havin opened my red jester office for all sorts of gauze, fassages, silk, oil, salupe, and sope, the public may depend upon being surprised with the best hoysters, I y

ME PETER RAPPEE.

JONNY BLUNDER,

Barber and Blacksmith, shaves and shoes horses, wite wash hur, breachis maker, dier and grave digger, keeps a skool for all sorts,

B 3

of learded lang wetches, and likewise besides, teeches hor-at rory and Mathew Maddox.

And father Moor at my pastry cookshop, sells all kind of perfume-ry, bacco and snuff, Tarlton's baltam, Taffy's lixer, Jims powders, and hall other cordals, marbels, medicines and other burd seeds; trumpits, blankits, muskits, fiddles, traps and balls, and hevery mat-te-yal in the building line; besides I is a glazer, tinman, taler, and tripman, halso fels hy falve, crockery ware and coles, salt, sugar, and sweat hoyl.

P. S. Musturd, honey and horsballs,

BY JONNY BLUNDER.

One being to go a journey in wet weather, he over night asked his friends to tell him how he might *ride dry in his boots*. "Yes, (said one) I know a way: That is, Eat in the morning three pickled herrings, and don't you drink all the day after; and if you don't *ride dry in your boots*, I'll be damn'd.

One speaking of the Fire of London, said, Cannon-streat Roar'd, Bread-street was burnt to a Crust, Crooked-lane was burnt straight, Addle-hill staggered, and Creed-lane would not believe it till it came; Distaff-lane had spun a fine thread, Ironmonger-lane was Red-hot, Sea-Coal-lane was burnt to a Cinder, Soper-lane was in the Suds, the Poultry was too much singed, Thames-street was dried up, Wood-street was burnt to Ashes, Milk-street was burnt-too, Shoe-lane was burnt To-boot, Snow-hill was melted down, Pudding-lane and Pye-corner were over baked.

A number of convivial gentlemen, who loved to romance, having met together one evening to drink, smoke, and tell stories, one of them began as follows: "Gentlemen, 'tis well known to you all I have been a traveller, yet I will by no means impose on your understanding by relating improbabilities, as many travellers do; what I relate I will declare to be truth — As I was pursuing my way in a foreign country, on horseback, I was overtaken by a terrible clap of thunder, the lightning flashed around, and the drops of rain were painful at once. I spurred on my horse to get shelter under a fine large tree as I thought. When the storm was over, I cast my eyes about to survey what it was that had afforded me so kind a refuge, when, to my utter astonishment, I found it was a cabbage, of which only one leaf was sufficient to shelter an army of twenty thousand men, foot and horse." The company present stared, and laughed at the traveller's pretended modesty, in asserting that he would not impose on their understandings by going

beyond what was truth, when a gentleman, who sat opposite, seeing their wonder, with a very serious countenance proceeded as follows:—"Gentlemen, you seem rather doubtful of what the gentleman has said, which I dare be bound for is truth. I was travelling once myself in the same country which he just now mentioned, and travelled many miles in a circular manner, about what I imagined to be the wall of some very extensive city, and, to appearance, made of brass or copper; but finding no entrance, no gateway, my astonishment increased. At length I came to a ladder, which reached to the amazing height of the walls, and being always determined to satisfy my mind in every thing I could, I quitted my horse, and mounted the ladder, when all I could observe, as I thought, was a parcel of crows at the bottom; but a ladder being on the other side, I determined to descend, which I did, when lo, what I had taken for the walls of some great city, I found to be nothing else but a large copper; and what I took for crows, a parcel of tinkers stopping the holes at the bottom of it." "Lord, (said one in company,) what could that large copper be made for?" "Why, (said the gentleman, who told the story very gravely, taking his pipe from his mouth)—What do you think, but to *boil that gentleman's large cabbage in?*"

A woman hearing Meyrick's Psalms sung in a country church, and finding them different from what she had been used to, enquired, Where she could procure them? and was told, At any bookseller's, by asking for "Meyrick's Version." The next day she applied at a shop for "*A merry diversion sung at church.*"

One day, an over-drove ox, from Smithfield market, ran furiously up Long-lane, and tossed a child, four years of age, three stories high, into a garret window; and the child fortunately fell into a cradle, without receiving any injury.

A country parson having divided his text under two-and-twenty heads, one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour pulling him by the sleeve, asked him whither he was going? 'Home, for my night-cap,' answered the first; 'for I find we are to stay here all night.'

A Gentleman, possessed of a very fine garden, wrote over the door, "This garden shall be given to the man who can prove that he is perfectly happy and satisfied." One day, as he was walking in it, a young stranger came up to him, accosted him, and asked him for the master of the garden? "Sir, (said the gentleman,) I am the owner; what are your commands with me?" "I am come (replied the stranger) to take possession of this beautiful spot; for no man upon earth is more happy and contented than myself."

“No, no, (said the gentleman,) if you were thoroughly satisfied, you would not seek for the possession of my garden.”

A gentleman of one of the inns of court, some time ago, having over his bottle, for a trifling wager, undertaken to run from his own chambers to the White-Conduit-House in a quarter of an hour, appointed the next morning at five to perform this feat of activity. Some of his friends, who had set out before him, meeting a number of milkmen (mostly Irish) who were coming to town with their milk, told them they were in search of a tall man of a black complexion, in a flannel waistcoat, who had that morning escaped from his keeper; and earnestly entreated, if they should see him, they would endeavour to secure him; and if they would bring him home to his chambers, (naming where he lived,) they should be handsomely rewarded. The milkmen passed on, promising their assistance, and a very few minutes brought the *high-mettled racer in view*. “By my shoul, but here he is!” was the word: and down went the milk-pails.—“Arrah! Pat! stop him!” and, arranging themselves in order across the road, in opposition to all entreaties, conveyed him safe back to his chambers; where his friends had contrived to arrive a few minutes before. A general explanation and laugh took place. The milkmen were well rewarded; and the wager given up on both sides.

A Roman Catholic priest being invited to dine with a Protestant on a Friday, found his friend had provided no fish; having forgotten it was fast-day with his reverence. The priest, however, being very unwilling to lose a good dinner, began to tell over his beads; and, making the figure of a cross upon a sir-loin of beef, very gravely said, “*Be thou a salmon;*” and afterwards played his part with a very good grace.

A silly young fellow having served his apprenticeship with an apothecary in the country, set up in a neighbouring town for himself; and meeting his old master one day, informed him he had a patient whose complaint was of such a nature that he could not discover the cause, which all the medicines that had been given him did not remove, but that the man got worse. “When this is the case (said his old master) you should observe if any bones of fowls, or other matters, denote the patient having eat any thing which has not been prescribed, and lay the fault on that.” Our young apothecary, on his next visit, found his patient worse; and not knowing how to account for the change, carefully examined the apartment, but could not discern any thing on which to lay the blame till looking under the bed, he espied a saddle; when, in a seeming passion, he exclaimed, “It is no wonder you are worse! It is impossible you can get better; I see you have been eating a horse!”

One who had formerly been rich, but had squandered away his estate, and left himself no furniture in the house but a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and some odd things, seeing a parcel of thieves, who knew not his condition, breaking into his house in the night, he cried out to them, "Are not you a damn'd pack of fools, to think to find any thing in the dark, *when I ca not find any thing by day-light?*"

A gentleman riding near the Forest of Wichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow, what the wood was called; he said, "Whichwood, Sir." "Why that wood," said the gentleman. "Whichwood, Sir." "Why that wood, I tell thee." He still said "Whichwood." "I think (said the gentleman) thou art as senseless as the wood that grows there." "I may be so, (replied the other,) but you know not *Whichwood*."

In a little country town it happened that the 'squire of the parish's lady came to church after lying-in, to return thanks to God, or, as it is commonly called, to be churched. The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, O Lord save this woman, said, *O Lord save this lady*. The clerk resolving not to be behind-hand with him, answered, *Who putteth her Ladyship's trust in thee*.

Two fellows meeting, one asked the other, why he looked so sad? "I have very good reason for it," (answered the other.) Poor Jack Such-a-one, the greatest croney and best friend I had in the world, was hanged but two days ago." "What had he done? (said the first.) "Alas, (replied the other,) he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion; he found a bridle in the road, and took it up." "What, (answered the other,) hang a man for taking a bridle? That is hard indeed." "To tell the truth of the matter, (said the other,) *there was a horse at the other end of it*."

Dr. Talbot, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go *thump, thump*, with his great legs through a street in Oxford, where the pavicours were at work in the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. "Ah! God bless you, master, (cries one of them,) it is very kind of you to come this way: it saves us a great deal of trouble this hot weather."

Lord Deloraine, who flammered a great deal, being in a cockpit, and offering several bets, which he would have lost, if he could have replied in time, at length offered ten pounds to a crown. A gambler who stood by, said *done*; but his Lordship's fit of stut-ting happening to seize him, he could not repeat the word *done* till the favourite cock was beat. This so provoked the knowing

one, that he swore, "Damn your stammering blood ; if you had been a plain-speaking man, you would have been ruined by this time."

A countryman reading the bible to his wife, where it is stated, that Solomon had 'three hundred wives, and seven hundred concubines,' the good woman, in a tone of surprise, said she was sure he did not read it right, and insisted upon looking at the passage herself; when having conn'd it over two or three times, and satisfied herself that it was so, she looked up in her husband's face, and chucking him gently under the chin, exclaimed, "*Eh ! what a simple Solomon wouldst thou make !*"

A poor fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, "Sawney ! hoot mon, where are you going?" "*Eock again,*" says Sawney.

A person crossing the Severn, at the New Passage, was asking the master of the boat whether there were ever any people lost in the passage. "No, Sir," answered the honest Monmouthshire tar, "never. My brother was *drowned* here last week, but we *found* him again the next day."

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted in an attorney's office in the country, a young man as clerk. He must write a good hand and expeditiously, and understand the practice of the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. If he is conversant in Conveyancing, so much the better. Before, between, and after office-hours, he must milk a cow, look after two horses, clean his master's shoes, shave him and dress his hair. He must wear a livery on Sundays, and attend his master and mistress to the parish church. Wages ten guineas a year; but if he can draw bills, answers, exceptions, interrogatories, demurrers, and other pleadings in the court of Chancery, another guinea will not be considered as an object.—Apply by letter (post paid) to Mr. &c.

During a great flood, some years back, a farmer's wife was taken in labour; and, no person proper to assist her, living nearer than seven miles, the good husband saddled his best horse, and rode with the utmost speed to the doctor, whom he entreated instantly to go to his wife. The doctor, being a knowing one, said, "his usual fee was two guineas at such a distance, when there was no danger in going; yet now, as I must go at the hazard of my life, I cannot think of going unless you will agree to give me ten guineas!" The farmer in vain remonstrated; the doctor was inflexible. The honest countryman's love for his dear Joan rose above every other consideration; and he engaged to raise the money. Through

much difficulty they got to the farm-house; and, in about an hour, the doctor presented the matter with a fine boy, and demanded his exorbitant fee, which the farmer immediately gave him, and they each of them drank a glass of ale to the boy's future welfare. By this time the flood was so greatly increased, that real danger threatened the doctor in his return; on which (not being at all acquainted with the way) he entreated the farmer to lose no time in conducting him back. "My friend, (said the farmer,) you would not come to help my wife, who was in real distress, unless I promised to give you ten guineas, when only an imaginary danger was before you: but there is now a real hazard in my venturing to shew you the way back; therefore, unless you will give me nine guineas for my trouble in conducting you home, you may abide where you are until the next dry season." All replies were in vain; no art could make any impression on the countryman. The doctor was obliged to return nine guineas: the farmer landed him safe among his gallipots; and the honest man returned safe home to his wife.

The following ludicrous circumstance actually occurred to a very respectable practitioner in surgery, (not an hundred miles from Worcester,) whose peculiar ghastliness of countenance, and thin meagre appearance, subjected him to the constant appellation of "Death's Head upon a Mop-stick." A country fellow having occasion to consult him, was directed by the servant to a room up stairs, where he was informed he would find the doctor. Honest Hodge ascended the stairs, but mistaking the door of the apartment, bounced into one where was, in an erect posture—a human skeleton! After a moment's pause of horror, the rustic made a most precipitate retreat, his terrors preventing any explanation to the servants, who, with astonishment, beheld him dart through the kitchen and passage, overturning every thing in his way. Some few days after, our hero chanced to encounter the doctor in the road, and having rather got the better of his fears, he archly remarked,—“Ah, measter, measter, I knows who thee bee't, for all thee't got thy cloithes on!”

A very young officer striking an old grenadier for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his legs. The grenadier, upon this infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over him by the tip, said, ‘Sir, if you were not my officer, I would extinguish you.’

A countryman who had some money left him, was told he might add considerably to his property by turning stock-broker. Full of this idea, he came to London, and was recommended to a gentleman well known at the Stock-Exchange for his drollery. Upon applying to this gentleman for his advice, after pausing a minute,

his reply was, 'My friend, my advice is, that you go to Smithfield, and lay out your money in pigs.' "Lay out my money in pigs!" exclaimed the countryman, staring, "for what?" "Why, because you will, by that means, have at least a *squeak* for your money, which, by G—d, is more than you ever will have for it if you come here."

Two Irish porters happening to meet in Dame-street, Dublin, one says to the other, "Mac Shane, how are you, my dear creature?"—"Why, upon my shoul, I hardly know; but pretty tightish, as the times go."—"Pray have you seen our old friend Pat Murphy, lately?"—"No, by Jafus, (replies he:) and I am very much afraid *I shall never see him again.*"—"How so?"—"Why he has met with a very unfortunate accident lately."—"What the devil was it?" enquires Mac Shane. "Nothing more than this, my dear: as he was standing on a plank, talking devoutly to a priest, at a place in London, which I think they call the Old Bailey, the plank suddenly gave way, and by the holy Jafus, Murphy got his *neck broke.*"

A recruiting serjeant, who, with true military eloquence, was expatiating on the advantages of enlisting at the present period, in preference to any that ever was, or ever will be, concluded his harangue by stating, that his captain, with unexampled generosity and liberality, had ordered a *bran-new* silver watch to be presented to every hero who enlisted in his company; so that he might mark the lucky minute which snatched him from a menial situation—placed him in the road to riches and honour—ensured him a laurel crown—entitled him to be praised in the History of England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

Three jovial tars, enjoying themselves over their bottle, happened to be talking of happiness. One swore if he could have three wishes, he should be the happiest fellow in the world. His companions asked what they would be. He answered for his first wish, 'He would have all the brandy in the world.' "A noble wish, said they." "Well, what's your next?" "Why, for the next wish, 'I would have all the tobacco in the world.'" "By G—d that's a nobler still." "Well, what's your last?" "After some pause he replied with greater eagerness, "Faith I would have more brandy."

The writer of a modern Book of Travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away, thus concludes: "After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet: my pleasure at this cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me, I was in a *civilized* country."

"I have a fine pointer, (said a gentleman to his friend;) staunch as can be at birds, but I cannot break him from sheep." The reply was, that the best means were to couple him to the horn of an old ram, and leave them in a stable all night, and the discipline he would receive would prevent him loving field mutton again. The same person meeting the owner of the dog some time afterwards, accosted him thus: "Well, Sir, your pointer now is the best in England, no doubt, from my prescription." "Much the same, Sir; for he killed my ram, and eat a shoulder."

Quin used to apply the following story to the then ministry:—A master of a brig calls, Who is there? A boy answers, Will, Sir.—What are you doing?—Nothing Sir.—Is Tom there?—Yes, says Tom.—What are you doing, Tom?—Helping Will, Sir.

One morning, as Mr. Chapman's hounds, of Putney, were waiting upon Sutton Common for some of the company, an elderly person riding towards town, in a *cauliflower wig*, *cocked hat*, *black breeches and boots*, enquired of the huntmen, what they were going to hunt, who informed him, a *bag fox*; and that they hoped he would join the chase, which the other replied he should be very happy to do; but that having been the preceding day to dine with his brother, who had the honour to be an alderman, at his *box* in the country, he was in haste to return to his *shop*, for fear business should be neglected in his absence; but desired to be introduced to Mr. Chapman, whom he requested would order the fox to be turned out with his *head* towards *town*, as he then might enjoy the pleasures of the chase in his way home, when Mr. Chapman thinking (from his extraordinary request, and grotesque appearance) his joining in the chase would afford some diversion, with the greatest gravity immediately assented to it; and *reynard* being soon after set at liberty, with (according to *Wigby's* request) his *head* towards *town*, ran, while in view, in a direct line with the London road; but by the time the hounds were laid on, had turned, and taken quite a contrary direction. The scent lying vastly well, the hounds ran very swift, and were as eagerly followed by a very numerous field of *sportsmen*, all of whom enjoyed the distress of our *hero*, whose horse having more mettle than his rider, ran for some time close in with the hounds, to the great terror of the latter, who, *Gilpin* like, held fast by the mane and pommel; and, after having escaped many dangers in a chase of an hour and a half, was at last completely thrown out, and left in a ditch, with the loss of his whip, hat, and wig; where, after having lain for some time, and recovered from his panic, he perceived a town at a short distance, which he made up to, in hopes of being soon able to reach St. Paul's or the Monument; when, upon enquiry, to his great surprise and mortification, he was informed, 'the place he was at, was Dorking, in Surry.'

Dr. Monsey, in his curious will, mentions a young lady with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, and bequeaths her an old battered snuff-box, scarcely worth sixpence. He mentions another young woman, to whom he says he meant to have left a legacy; but that he has discovered her to be a pert, conceited minx, with as many affected silly airs as a foolish woman of quality, which induced him to alter his mind. He bequeaths his body for dissection; an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs forcibly against Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, and gives annuities to two clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

When a house fell down a short time ago in St. Martin's Lane, a gentleman, who saw the crowd, asked a fellow in the street what was the matter. "Nothing," replied the other, "only a *Cook's shop* that's *disb't*!"

A capital farmer in Lincolnshire had a favourite greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion; but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog, by way of keeping that room clean, to be *tied up*. About an hour after he enquired of his servant boy if he had done as directed? 'Yes, Sir, (said the boy.) I dare say he his dead before now.'—'Why, damn you, sure you have not hanged him!'—'Yes, Sir; you bid me *tie him up*.'

A gentleman, in his absence from his house, was anxious for a safe place in which to deposit his cash and notes: bureaux and strong boxes he was conscious had often failed in security. Previous to a journey into Norfolk, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting room for his treasury, and placed bank notes and cash in that unusual situation under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman preparing to treat a friend or two with tea, and, by way of showing her respect for her guests, the parlour fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had just been lighted, when her master arrived in the critical moment. He rushed, without speaking, to the pump, where luckily a pail of water was, and deluged the whole over the fire, and half-drowned the woman, who was diligently employed in removing it. His money was safe; but the notes, if they had not been wrapped in thick brown paper, would inevitably have been destroyed. Sufficient fragments were preserved to enable the gentleman, with some difficulty, to get paid at the Bank.

A chimney-sweeper going along Cheapside with his foot bag at his back, run against a soldier. 'Get out, you *Black Dog*, (says

the son of Mars;) can't you see where you are going?' *Black!* (says the chimney-sweeper,) that's a good joke. I should like to know what you were before you were *Boiled.*'

The following Paragraph appeared in the Dublin Papers after the first appearance of Mrs. SIDDONS on that stage.

Last night Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamant, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, Smock-alley, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of an heavenly angel: but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, on beholding an earthly goddess! The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of Melpomene, this comet of the stage, this sun of the firmament of the muses, this moon of blank verse, this queen and princess of tears, this Donellan of the poisoned bowl, this empress Rusty-fusty of the pistol and dagger, this chaos of Shakespeare, this world of weeping clouds, this Juno of commanding aspect, this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes, this Proserpine of fire and earthquake, this Katterfelto of wonders, exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the powers of description. She was nature itself. In short, she was the most exquisite work of wit. Where expectations were raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured. Several fainted, even before the curtain drew up: but when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding ring, ah, what a sight was there! The very fiddlers in the orchestra blubbered like hungry children for their bread and butter! and when the bell rung for music, between the acts, the tears run in such plentiful streams from the bassoon player's eyes, that they choked the finger-stops, and making a spout of the instrument, poured such a torrent on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played it in one flat: but the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks from the smelling bottles, prevented the mistakes between the flats and sharps being perceived. One hundred and nine ladies fainted, forty-six went into fits, ninety-five had strong hysterics. The world will scarce credit the assertion, when they are told, fourteen children, five old women, a one-handed sailor, and six common-council men, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the boxes and galleries to increase the briny flood in the pit. The water was three feet deep; and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were, in that situation, up to their ancles in tears.

A fop having returned from hunting, and being in a more dishevelled and negligent state than usual, being incruited with the mud of the country, from his cap to his boots, it was secretly proposed by the party to roast him, or, in plainer language, to make him run the gauntlet of satiric observation. "Why, I am told you are the boldest hunter in the country," said a person opposite to the victim. "You are *ironing* me," replied the other seriously. "That is damn'd hard, indeed, (added another,) "to *iron* you before they *washed* you." "If you dont *mangle* me," retorted the Fop, "I am content."

Garrick always had a kind of footman that no other man would employ. Among the rest he had a little crooked Welchman. Harry Fielding, and two or three more, supped with him one evening; when Fielding, hearing Garrick took half the vails from his *mountainceer*, took *two halfpence*, wrapped up in several papers, and gave it to Ned as he opened the door. When they were gone, Garrick called him to account for his vails of the night. Hur produced all hur had got, except Fielding's, which hur would fain have concealed; but Garrick searched him, and drew forth the paper that contained Fielding's *bounty money*. Garrick complained of this privately to a friend as a mean thing in Fielding; but the Novelist, who was never known to be a miser, or mean in any shape, had the laugh strong against David.

When Mr. Garrick wanted to purchase some houses in Drury-lane from the late Duke of Bedford's steward, he waited upon him, communicated his wishes, and required to know the terms. As the steward well knew that the acquisition to Mr. Garrick was nearly indispensable, who wanted to enlarge and lengthen the stage of the Old Theatre, he asked one thousand pounds.—"One thousand pounds!" exclaimed the British Roscius. "No, no, Mr. Palmer, I will never give any such enormous sum, depend upon it; the stage shall remain with its inconveniences; and I wish you a good morning." After a mature consultation with Mr. Lacy, he returned to Mr. Palmer, and offered the sum demanded for the purchase: but the steward was as artful as the manager; and seeing his eagerness in the affair, added five hundred pounds to the former sum. "What! (said Garrick, half petrified,) Fifteen hundred pounds for a few houses as rotten as the linch-pin of the world! May I be branded for an ass as long as I exist, if I ever give away my money in that manner. No, no, Master Palmer, you have got the wrong fow by the ear. I wish you a good day, Sir." Again he returned to Lacy, and, after a long examination of the expected advantages and disadvantages, involved in the acceptance or rejection of the proposal, it was finally determined to make the purchase upon the increased terms, and put an end to this mutual anxiety. Full of this project, he invited Mr.

Palmer to dine with him, under the hope that a glass of Burgundy would shake his cupidity. But he did not completely know his man; for when the subject was broached during the circulation of the bottle, Mr. Palmer froze the faculties of the joint patentees, by assuring them, that he had reconsidered the measure, and could, not, consistent with his duty to his Lord, take less than two thousand pounds. "Two thousand pounds! (bellowed Garrick :) why it is not six hours ago that one half the sum would have been satisfactory. However, take the money, and sign the articles: for if I delay five minutes more, you may possibly demand half my estate for the fee-simple of a huckster's *chateau*!"

A jockey lately selling a nag to a gentleman at Glasgow, frequently observed with much earnestness, "That he was an honest horse." After the purchase, the gentleman asked him, what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, I'll tell you," (replied the Jockey :) "Whenever I rode him, he always threatened to throw me; and damn me if ever he deceived me."

Curious Advertisement from a Dublin paper.—"Lost where it was dropped, an empty bag, with a cheese in it. The bag was marked M. D. but the letters were quite worn out. The person who lost it, never missed it until it was gone. So if any person will bring it to him, he shall receive a reward of five shillings by paying for this advertisement.—N. B. As it is of no use to any body but the owner, it will not be advertised any more."

The under prompter at Wargrave was a man with peculiar powers of humour, who could excite risibility without appearing to be regardful of the effects of his own whimsicalities. He was exactly what is understood by the epithet of a *dry rogue*. He frequently afforded much merriment to Lord Barrymore, without feeling it. I do not know what explication or term will suit his talent so well as *stupid pleasantry*! In the article of drapery in general, this whisperer of the *cue* was not abundantly supplied; but as to shirts, in particular, he had but one, and that was literally a *unique*. As he occasionally mingled in the dramatic scene as a walking gentleman, it was expedient, on such emergencies, to have that solitary shirt washed. Agreeable to such a measure, he leaped from his couch one morning, in an unincumbered state of nature, and having dressed himself as genteelly as his wardrobe would admit, (though his round body was unconscious of linen,) and buttoned up to his neck, to elude the keen eye of impertinence, he sent his shirt to the washer-woman, to be got ready at a stated hour, and to be so highly blanched that it might rival the snow. This indispensable point being settled, he attended the rehearsals as usual, and was very pompously giving his orders for the regulation of some devils in a pantomime, before several, when a

little girl came behind the scenes with a message from her mother; "Mr. —, my mammy has sent you your shirt."—"What, has she washed it already, my dear, in two hours! Damme, that is expedition."—"No, Sir, she has not washed it." "Not washed it! you diminutive slut; what is the meaning of that?"—"My mammy says as how, it is so old and rotten, she is afraid it will rub to pieces in the washing tub." "Poh, poh," replied the abashed prompter angrily, with his face as red as the Saracen's at Aldgate, "you are a very foolish child, and your mother is a greater fool who sent you. Go back with it to your soap-teazing dam, and tell her, if she is ignorant of ways and means, I will instruct her. As the shirt is so fine, she is afraid of committing it to the tub with coarser vestments, bid her pin it on the wall, and throw water at it."

After a loud preface of, O yes, pronounced most audibly three times, in the High-street, at Newmarket, by a wit, and having collected a number of persons together, he made the following general proposal to the gapers: "Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," said a gentleman, with manifest eagerness. "Then (said the wit) if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know!"

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued. The tar took the robber, and meeting some people, they persuaded him to bear away with his prize to a justice of the peace at Woolwich; which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man. The sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, "He, damn him, he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any thief that ever lived. Therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go; for I will not swear to any such lie."

A common liar, who, to the improvement of his faculty, had been a traveller, was telling many stories of the remarkable things which he had met with while he was abroad. Among the rest, he said there were cannon so large in Egypt, that once being in a calash, drawn by four horses, and a sudden shower of rain falling, he drove into one of them for shelter, calash and all. "Oh! (says a gentleman, who was listening to him.) I can vouch the truth of that myself; for I remember I was at the very same time at the other end of it in a post-chaise; and, upon your coming in at the mouth, I drove out at the touch-hole."

A foolish stage-struck youth ran away from his friends, and got among a most low and miserable set of strollers. A relation, after a time, discovered him just as he was going on the stage in King Richard; and on reading him a pretty severe lecture on his folly and disobedience, received an answer suitable to all the ridiculous consequences and assumed pomp of a mock monarch. To which he answered, "These are fine lofty words: but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, that you could not afford to buy a better pair of shoes." The actor looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, without losing his vivacity, cried out, "*Shoes! Oh, damme, Shoes are things we Kings don't stand upon.*"

A lawyer and a physician disputed about precedence, and appealed to Diogenes. He gave it to the lawyer, and said, "Let the thief go first, and the executioner follow."

An old woman, who had sore eyes, purchased an amulet or charm, written upon a bit of parchment, and wore it about her neck, and was cured. A female neighbour, labouring under the same disorder, came to beg the charm of her. She would by no means part with it, but permitted her to get it copied out. A poor school boy was hired to do it for a few pence. He looked it over very attentively, and found it consisted of characters which he could not make out; but not being willing to lose his pence, he wrote thus:—"The devil put out this old woman's eyes, and stuff up the holes." The patient wore it about her neck, and was cured also.

"My dear Sir, do'n't disturb my feelings, (said Garrick to Johnson one night behind the scenes;) consider the feelings and exertions I have to go through!" "As to your feelings, David, (replied Johnson,) Punch has just as many. And as for your exertions, those of a man who cries turnips about the streets are greater."

"You knew Mr. Capel, Dr. Johnson?" "Yes, Sir, I have seen him at Garrick's." "And what think you of his abilities?" "They are just sufficient, Sir, to enable him to select the black hairs from the white ones, for the use of the peruke-makers. Were he and I to count the grains in a bushel of wheat for a wager, he would certainly prove the winner."

John Rap, of the parish of Burton Agnes, near Bridlington in Yorkshire, was so unkind a husband, so severe a father, so rigid a master, and so bad a neighbour in general, that not a tear was shed at his funeral. The Sexton observed, that he had officiated in that capacity forty-five years, and that an instance of the sort had never happened before; and, that it might not disgrace the vil-

lage, seized a little boy, and lugged his ears most severely, which soon produced the desired effect.

A link-boy asked Dr. Burges, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish then," replied the boy, "you was hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a devilish dark one."

A gentleman asked a master of a ship, from Newfoundland, if he had seen any Rein Deer there. "Alack," said the captain, who was deaf, "I have seen it rain very hard, but I have never seen it rain Deer."

A Friar asked a shepherd in Spain, at confession, how many persons there were in the Trinity. The man, stupid, answered, he believed there were *six*, but he would not dispute it with him; he was sure there were *four*.

A dog stole a piece of meat out of a Quaker's porridge-pot; upon which the Quaker calmly said, that he would not lift up the arm of the flesh against him, but gave him a gentle reproof; and so turning the dog out, he shouted, a *mad dog*! in consequence of which the poor animal was instantly stoned to death.

A man went to be married, and, instead of Matrimony, got by heart the Baptism for riper years; so that when he was asked in the Church, Will you have this woman, &c. the man replied, "This I utterly deny." The parson said, "I think you are a fool." He answered, "All this I stedfastly believe."

An Irish Officer lost a parcel of silk stockings, and sent a belman about to offer a reward for them, which was so small, that a friend observed he could not expect to recover them. "Ah! by J——," says Paddy, "I advertised them as worsted ones."

A Country Vicar in the East Riding of Yorkshire, giving his text out of Hebrews, pronounced it, *He brews 10 and 12*; (meaning the chapter and verse.) An old Toper, who sat half a sleep under the pulpit, thinking he brewed so many bushels to the hog'shead, "By the Lord," says he, "and no bad liquor neither."

Sir F———, alias Double Fee, when at the bar, was examining an evidence, whom he asked, "What are you, Sir?" "A Gentleman." "Pray, Sir, where may your estate lay?" "It lays contiguous to your's, Sir." "To mine! Where, pray?" "Directly opposite your large brass mine, which has produced you so much, and seems inexhaustible."

The following *Fragment* of a conversation was overheard the other day betwixt a celebrated Librarian, at the west end of the town, and his fair daughter, whom he loves passing well.

Father. "——I shall never give my consent, Beckev, to your marrying any such sort of fellow; he is both a *poor edition*, very *shabby bound*, and neither *gilt* nor *lettered*."

Daughter. "Well, Paper, I don't care for that. I loves him for himself alone; and don't mind if I only have him in the *facts*."

Father. "——His *title* is good for nothing."

Daughter. "Ah! but, Paper, the *composition* is good; and his *frontispiece* will push him forward."

The following is a copy of a note from Mr. B——to Lady L——, on being informed that a favourite bitch belonging to her Ladyship had pupped:—"Mr. B's compliments to Lapy L. is glad to hear *Miss Chloe* is brought to bed, and begs, as a particular favour, her Ladyship would set *him* down for a *puppy*."

Dr. King, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce; but the Dr. who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above mentioned pickles reserved dry for his use, which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him. "I here present you, my Lords and Gentlemen," says he, "with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious—namely, That you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, *cut capers upon a trencher*!"

Lady——spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent tun of small beer, and asked him how it might be preserved. "I know of no method so effectual, my Lady," says the butler, "as placing a barrel of good ale by it."

Henry the Fourth of France, leaning carelessly out of a window, with the skirts of his coat gaping behind, a stout scullion perceiving the favourable situation, and mistaking his Sacred Majesty for one of the Cooks, advanced on tip-toe, and, with a well-extended arm, discharged a heavy blow on the royal buttocks. "Zounds!" cried the King, "*what the Devil's the matter now?*" The poor man thinking himself undone, fell upon his knees, and excused himself, by protesting he had mistaken his Majesty for Bertrand.—"Well," replied the King, rubbing briskly the aching part, "*if it had been Bertrand, where was the necessity of striking so cursed hard?*" and gave him a Louis d'Or."

Garrick used to employ one Stone to pick him up low Actors; he was to find him a Bishop of Winchester, and had engaged one. Not long before the play began, he sent the following note to Garrick: "Sir, the Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear. He swears d—mn his eyes if he'll play to night."

"W. STONE."

GARRICK'S ANSWER.

"Stone, the Bishop may go to the Devil. I don't know a greater rascal, except yourself."

"D. GARRICK."

A Monkey-faced fellow offered himself to Garrick as an Actor. "It will not do," says G. at present: "but if you had a tail, no money should part us."

When Foote first had the Theatre in the Hay-market, Quin frequently amused himself by describing the state of poverty from which he was relieved by it.—Foote heard of this, and came one night with complaints. "It is very odd, Mr. Quin, that you should take a delight in abusing me. I do not offend you, and surely you cannot envy my success." "I abuse you!—How have I abused you?" "Why, you have said many things.—The last which I remember is, that you was "glad the fellow had got into the Hay-market, for he would find something to wash his shirt with." "Ah! now—the last saying you *remembered* is a confounded *lie*, which you have made on purpose to plague me. I said you would get something to *wash* your shirt with!—Why, d—mn me if ever I knew *you had a shirt* to wash." Quin was so pleased at getting the better of his convivial antagonist in this contest, that he gave him *dinners* for a month afterwards.

A Lord Mayor of London visiting a Gentleman, at his country seat, was carried by him a hunting, a diversion to which his Lordship was an entire stranger. As they galloped along, "There, my Lord," said the Gentleman, charmed with the cry of his dogs, "there's music for you! did you ever hear so fine?"—"Music," said the Mayor, listening, "where?—I do not hear it." "What do you mean, my Lord?" says the Gentleman, "not hear it?—you never can be so deaf as that—I am sure it is loud enough, and the finest music in the world."—"D—mn those dogs," said the Mayor, "they keep such a confounded yelping, I cannot hear the music."

Recipe to restore a lost Appetite.

King Henry the Eighth once making a hunting excursion into a distant part of England, one day, after a very long chase, lost all

his attendants, and, both hungry and fatigued, arrived at the gate of an abbey by himself. The Abbot, who had been informed that his Majesty was somewhere in the neighbourhood, seeing him so gallantly attired, took him for one of the royal attendants, and very politely and hospitably invited him in, to partake of what the place afforded. Dinner was served up, the principal dish of which was a fine piece of roast beef, of which the King ate very heartily; while the Abbot, whose stomach was palled with repeated delicacies, could only look on, and did not eat a mouthful; but was both astonished and surprised to see the King play his part so well. He congratulated him on the goodness of his appetite, and, among other things, said, "Honest friend, I would give five hundred pounds if I could but pick a piece of that beef as heartily as you do." The King thanked him for the compliment, and, after having taken his leave, departed. In the course of a few days, a messenger arrived at the abbey, took the Abbot into custody, brought him to London, and he was committed a close prisoner to the Tower, having nothing allowed him but bread and water; while he laboured under the most dreadful apprehensions; tho' not conscious of having done any thing to merit such severe treatment. At the end of a week, the King ordered a piece of beef to be roasted, and, with all the trimmings, set on a table before the Abbot; while his Majesty concealed himself in an adjoining room, where he could see how he behaved on the occasion. The beef was no sooner placed on the table, than the Abbot began to attack it most voraciously, to the no small diversion of the King, who suffered him to eat as much as he pleased without interruption; but as soon as he had finished, walked into the room, and demanded of him five hundred pounds. "For (said he) you said you would give it. And I have done that for you which all the physicians in the kingdom could not do—restored to you your lost appetite." The Abbot having paid the money, was suffered to depart quietly.

An Irish sailor on board one of the King's ships at Portsmouth, who was a servant to one of the Lieutenants, a countryman of his, carrying his master's tea-kettle very carelessly in his hand to get it filled with water, let it fall overboard, and it immediately sunk. Dreading the consequences, after scratching his head for a few seconds of time, he went to the Lieutenant, and pulling off his dutch-cap, addressed him thus: "Arrah, Sir, I'd be after asking you a question, if you *plase*." "What is it?" replied the other. "Pray now, if a man knows where a thing is, can he say that he's lost it?" "No Murphy," said the Lieutenant. "Then by J—s, Sir, *your tea-kettle's at the bottom of the sea.*"

A press-gang going on board an American Ship in the river to press the hands, they expostulated with the lieutenant on the im-

propriety of his conduct, in pressing the subjects of the United States; when an Irishman, who belonged to the gang, exclaimed, "By J——s, gentlemen, you talk as good *English* as I do, and therefore I don't see why you shouldn't fight for Old England as well as me!"

———Winyard, Esq. of Gloucestershire, a Justice of the Peace, and a great sportsman, attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and seemingly torpid with sorrow, was suddenly routed from his grief by the starting of a hare, on which, as if forgetting the melancholy business he was about, he immediately threw down his cloak, and other incumbrances, and towing (Tow, tow, being used in setting on the greyhounds in Gloucestershire) on two greyhounds, the constant attendants of all his steps, pursued the game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the procession, which had halted on the occasion, and the bearers had set down the corpse. "Come, gentlemen, (said he, resuming his melancholy tone with his sable vestments.) in the name of God, let us proceed with the remains of my dearest wife, and finish the sorrowful ceremony for which we are met." This story was told by Mr and Mrs. Bathurst, of Lidney-park, Gloucestershire, who affirmed it to be literally true.

Mr. Cervetti, the famous player on the violincello, so well known at the theatre by the nick-name of Nofey, one night, during his performance in the orchestra, received a violent blow on the nose with a potatoe, thrown from the upper gallery. Being a man of spirit, he with difficulty contained himself till the conclusion of the piece, which was no sooner ended, than he ran up into the gallery, and asked who was the scoundrel that had dared thus to assault him. The man being pointed out, Cervetti seized him by the collar, dragged him into the passage, and gave him a hearty drubbing. Some years after, returning from a ride, he met near Paddington a cart load of convicts going to Tyburn. One of the prisoners seeing him, cried out, Nofey! Nofey! and telling the surrounding populace he had something particular to say to Nofey, Cervetti was stopped, and his horse led up to the cart, where he soon recognized the man who had thrown the potatoe, who told him, that being just going to leave the world, he was desirous of dying in peace with all mankind: he therefore had taken the liberty of stopping him, to ask his forgiveness for the offence he had formerly given him, and to assure him he entirely forgave him for the beating inflicted on him: then wishing him a good day, bid the carter drive on.—This story was often related by Cervetti to his friends.

The noted Barrington being apprehended for stealing a watch, a gentleman asked what was his offence; he archly replied, he was only charged with picking a washerwoman's pocket of a *pail of soap-suds*.

Lord Northington, remarkable for his profligate and horrid manner of expressing himself on all occasions, was nick-named Surly Bob. In his youth he was a professed debauchee, and the sentiments and language of that character were retained by him to the latest moments of his existence. On his return home from the administration of justice, he would not hesitate to swear at his servants, and be indecent with his company. Indeed, the state coach was not always considered sacred to chaste and decent speech; and the uneasiness of that rumbling machine, when his Lordship's feet have been tender from the gout, has called forth very strong exclamations in the presence of the mace and seals. Some of his friends have been so free as to declare they have actually seen an oath on his lips when he presided on the woolfack, though it was never known to escape further. One occasion, however, was marked with language too expressive to pass unnoticed. The Speaker, *Onslow*, who attended with the most scrupulous regard, both in public and private, to the dignity of his character, was complaining, on his arrival later than usual at the House of Commons, on some day of important business, that he had been stopped in Parliament-street, owing to the obstinacy of a carman; and was told that the Lord Chancellor had experienced a considerable delay from the same cause. "Well, (said the Speaker,) did not his Lordship shew him the mace, and strike him dumb with terror?"—"No, (it was replied,) he did not; but he swore *By God, that if he had been in his private coach, he would have got out, and beat the damned rascal to a jelly.*" Being at the point of death, he exclaimed, *"I'll be damned if I am not dying!"* During his sickness, his wife, daughter, and some female relations, coming to ask the state of his health, could not refrain from weeping; on which, in a passion, he roared out to his nurse, *"Turn out all those snivelling bitches, except Bridget!"* The lady distinguished by this delicate preference was his daughter, Lady Bridget Lane. During the same illness, he sent for the Duke of Chandois, then Marquis of Caernarvon, a man of great piety, who, though surprised at the message, waited upon him, and begged to be honoured with his Lordship's commands. "I sent for you, (said Bob,) to beg you to recommend me some able parson, whose advice I might safely take in regard to the necessary settlement respecting the future welfare of my soul, which I fear will be shortly ejected from my body." "My Lord, (replied the Marquis,) I am surprised at the question. As Chancellor, your Lordship has had the disposal of much church preferment, which doubtless you always bestowed on pious and deserving persons. For example, what think you of Dr. ———?" "Oh! name him not, (loudly exclaimed the quondam Chancellor :) That is one of my crying sins. I shall most certainly be damned for making that fellow a dean. On his death bed he ordered his gardener to cut down some clumps of trees, purely, as it is said, because

they were agreeable to his son. The gardener, willing to worship the rising sun, neglected to do it, expecting every moment the death of his old master. He, enquiring whether his commands had been obeyed, being answered in the negative, easily conceived the gardener's motive for disobedience, and sending for him up into his chamber, thus addressed him: "*So, d——n you, you have not done as I ordered you. You think I am going, so I am, and be d——d to you; but you shall go first. Strip him,* (said he to some of his attendants,) *and kick him out of the house.*"

A certain reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers at a remote village in the West of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old-fashioned one. "Damn this old surplice, (said he to the clerk,) I think the devil is in it!" The astonished clerk waited till the parson had got it on, and then sarcastically answered, "I think as how he is, Zir."

In Suffolk, black puddings made in guts are called links. Once when King George II. landed at Harwich, it was so dark by the time he reached Copeluck, that lights were thought necessary. The harbinger or officer going before, enquired of the landlady of the inn, if she had any flambeaux, or could procure any? Being answered in the negative, he asked her if she had any links? "Ay, that I have, (said she,) and some as good as his Majesty, God bless him, ever eat in all his life."

A certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey on some point, the counsel, according to the laudable custom of that court, attempted to browbeat him. "I think you are the Bruising Parson," said he. "I am, (answered the reverend divine;) and if you doubt it, and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

One day, when Mr. Woodward and Mr. King were walking through the streets of Liverpool, where they were then performing, a chimney-sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stopped and stared at them; and although the master called to him several times to come along, he still stood staring, and at length exclaimed, "Why, they be players."—"Hold your tongue, you dog," said old Sweep; "you don't know what you may come to you yourself."

An Irish gentleman having come over to London to make his fortune, soon found himself much distressed for a dinner. Happening to pass by a barber's shop, he saw announced on the window, *Money for live hair*, which, being no profound scholar, he read, *Money to live here*. "Aha!" says Paddy, "this is just what I was looking for. I am now satisfied that the character of the English for generosity is well founded."—"Please to

"walk in, Sir," says Mr. *Shave-for-a Penny*.—"Sit down, Sir." A dirty towel was then put over him, and a brass barber's basin, full of warm lather, stuck under his chin. "This is an odd sort of entertainment," thinks Paddy, "but a given horse must not be looked in the mouth." Strap steps out for his razors, and in the mean time Paddy, being extremely hungry, falls to gobbling up the contents of the basin. Strap returning, stares with astonishment, while poor Paddy, after almost vomiting up his guts, exclaims, "*By Jafus, you had need to give a man money to live here; for your soup is like p—fs, and your turnips not half boiled!*"

One very sultry evening in the dog-days, Garrick performed the part of *Lear*. In the four first acts he received the accustomed tribute of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion; it was not tragic; it was evidently an endeavour to suppress a laugh. In a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was lying extended on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and, with the *Majesty of England*, the gallant *Albany*, and tough old *Kent*, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for this strange termination of the tragedy in any other way, than by supposing that the *dramatis personæ* were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated in the centre of the front bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally supposed that he might here enjoy the like privilege. The butcher sat very far back; and the dog finding a fair opening, got on the seat, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peeped at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of the day. Our corpulent *slaughter-man* was made of melting stuff, and not being accustomed to the heat of a play-house, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday *periwig*, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of the *masiff*. The dog being in so conspicuous and obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick, and the other performers. A *masiff* in a *churchwarden's wig* was too much. It would have provoked laughter in *Lear* himself at the moment of his deepest distress; no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

A prisoner being brought up to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate. "How do

"you live!"—"Pretty well, Sir; generally a *joint and pudding* at dinner!"—"I mean, Sir, how do you *get your bread*?"—"I beg your Worship's pardon; sometimes at the *baker's*, and sometimes at the *chandler's shop*."—"You may be as witty as you please, Sir; but I mean *simply* to ask you, *how you do*?"—"Tolerable well, I thank your worship; I hope your worship is well."

When a celebrated equestrian professor was at Brussels on his return from Paris, he solicited permission to exhibit his feats for several nights, and his request was granted. On the first evening of his performance, in a kind of temporary amphitheatre, the chief of the troop entered the ring, and addressed the company thus: "Ladies and Gemmen—But damn me, what signifies my calling you Ladies and Gemmen? you don't understand it!—So I say *Mounseers* and *Madams*, I have brought you the most surprising little *chaval* in all the world. But zounds! I can't *parly voo*, or else I'd let you into the whole secret. But here comes Mr. MERRYMAN. Hollol Mr. Merryman, can you *parly voo*?—No, by G—d, Master.—So Mr. Merryman can't *parly voo*. Well, well, the horses shall tell their own stories.—I intend to make this poney a physician, and that dun a master of the ceremonies. This horse can dance a *Minervit de la Reane* as well as Sir Clement Cottrell or Vestris. And in this manner did he vociferate before the most polished people in Brussels; not one of whom understood him, excepting Lady COOPER, Mr. LUTTRELL, Mr. MERRY, and about a dozen English Ladies and Gentlemen, from whom I heard the story, and who were convulsed with laughter at the brazen buffoonery of the noisy dolt, who delivered his unintelligible jargon with the utmost confidence and *sang froid*.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

A Gentleman who resided at a town remote from London, being on a visit to his friend in the city, was entertained with a dish of excellent mackarel. But discovering no great relish for them, his friend asked if he liked that sort of fish? "I used to like them," he replied, "when sent down to the country; because being four days on the road, they had time to come to their true flavour; but these are to me absolutely insipid."

Dr. Andrew Perne, dean of Ely, a man of keen wit, happened to call a clergyman *fool*, who, it seems, was little better. The parson reply'd, "That he would complain thereof to the Bishop of Ely."—"Do," said the dean, "when you please; and my lord Bishop will confirm you."

In the reign of King William the Third, there lived at Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiari-

ties belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the **ODD FAMILY**. Every event remarkable, good or bad, happened to this family in an odd year, or on an odd day of the month; and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manners, and behaviour. The very letters of their Christian names always happened to be of an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rahab. They had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, and his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of his left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident. James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right-hand. Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed. All these, except David; were remarkably short; and Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at the age of nineteen. The stump-footed Jonas, and the hump-backed David, got wives of fortune; but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's as remarkably white, yet every one of the children were red haired. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was starved to death in the year 1701; and the wife refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier; and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places on the same day in the year 1713; and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in the year 1723.

One Saturday, in the month of October last, in the dusk of the evening, a fidler went into a barber's shop, at the west end of the town; and desired the boy to cut his hair, which he immediately did, when the fidler having no silver, desired the boy to get him change for a guinea; which, whilst he was doing, the fidler took an opportunity to ease himself in a basin, decorated with the shaving apparatus, which laid in the sink in a corner of the shop. The boy returning, was followed in by a publican in the neighbourhood, who desired to be shaved directly, when, having given the fidler his change, the honest scraper departed, and the boy immediately went about to light a candle, which the publican not permitting him to do, being in great haste, the boy ran to the sink, and raised a lather in the basin wherein the fidler had dropt his excrement, and began to lather the publican rapidly therewith, who being almost overcome with the stench, supposing he had made use of perfum'd soap, roared out lustily, "Zounds! lather me with a little common soap; for I hate your perfum'd wash-balls."

A certain Captain in one of the city regiments, who was mounted on horseback at the head of his corps, marching through his district, on a sudden brandished his sword, ordered the company to halt, and, in a military, authoritative tone of voice, addressed a decrepid old female, who was vociferating her commodity along the street, with "*Woman, bring me a penny-worth of your SHRIMPS.*"

The same magnanimous gentleman being subpoenaed to give evidence on a trial before the late Lord K——, came into court dressed in full regimentals, with a hat *en militaire*. After he had been examined, and had withdrawn from the box, one of the Counsel requested that his Lordship would have him recalled, as he wished to ask him a particular question; when Lord K—— in a laconic manner, calling out, "*Where's that Soldier?*" the military tactician, offended at the honorable appellation bestowed on him, cried out, "*Soldier! my Lord—I'm no Soldier; I'm an Officer.*"—"Oh, very well," replied his Lordship; "*Let that Officer, and no SOLDIER, come forward. We wish to ask him a question.*" His Lordship's reply, and the sheepish appearance of our hero, occasioned the whole Court to be convulsed with laughter.

A ludicrous circumstance lately occurred at the Theatre at Market Drayton, Shropshire. The Company were performing *Pizarro*, when, during the hymn to the Sun, the lights being placed too close to the transparency scene of that luminary, it unfortunately took fire. The Manager, who was officiating as High-Priest, just after singing the words, "O, Power Supreme," observed the mishap, and, in the utmost consternation, called out to the stage-keeper, "The Sun's on fire!"—then proceeding with the hymn, "O, Power Supreme!" *Down your eyes, put out the sun, I say.*"—The Sun, however, continued to blaze, and the Manager to sing and swear, till the audience were convulsed with laughter. The fire in the sun being, however, extinguished, the play proceeded.

During the reign of King James the II^d. and when the people were much oppressed and burthened with taxes, that Monarch made a very expensive tour through England; and, on his return, he slept at the Palace at Winchester. The Mayor and Corporation, for the honour done them by this Royal visit, determined to address his Majesty in the morning; but as the Mayor could neither *read* nor *write*, it was agreed that the Recorder should prompt him on the occasion. Accordingly, being introduced into the Royal presence, and every thing ready for the ceremony, the Recorder, by way of encouraging the Mayor, who appeared awkward and embarrassed, gently jogged his elbow, and at the same time whispered in his ear, "Hold up your head—Look like a man." The Mayor mistaking this for the beginning of the speech, stared the King boldly in the face, and with a loud voice repeated, "Hold up your

head—Look like a man.” The Recorder, amazed at this behaviour, again whispered the Mayor, “What the devil do you mean?” The Mayor, in the same manner, instantly repeated, “What the devil do you mean?” The Recorder, chagrined at this untoward circumstance, and fearing his Majesty’s displeasure, still whispering in the Mayor’s ear, said “By G—d, Sir, you’ll ruin us all!” which the Mayor taking to be a continuance of the speech, and still staring the King in the face, with a louder voice than before, repeated, “By G—d, Sir, you’ll ruin us all!” The King, on this, rose with some anger; but being informed of the cause of this rough address, his Majesty was pleased to pass it by with a smile, and the Corporation were perfectly satisfied with the honour done them.

Gold has often been known to *stop* the organs of *speech*:—the following instance will shew that it can also *restore* them. An Irishman, in the army, was discharged for supposed incurable dumbness: a few days after he enlisted under the banners of a new corps, in a northern city, when, on being recognised by an old comrade, the latter questioned him, how he learnt to speak? “By J—s,” replied he, “ten guineas would make any man speak!”

Mr. Richard H—— jun. being out a courting near to Sir John P——’s mansion, (who was then dragging his pond,) a hare making down for the wet ground, was by some accident forced into the pond, and fell foul of the net. In the interim, the dogs being at a dead fault, Dick H—— gallops down to the company, and meeting Sir John there, salutes him, and asked him what he fished for. “Hares,” answered he.—“A very likely matter,” said Dick H—— (thinking it a jest).—“It is very true,” replied Sir John, “and that you will find presently. Pull, pull, my lads,” added he to his men, and they immediately drew in the net, with a large hare struggling in the meshes. “Look you here,” cries Sir John, “did I not tell you as much?”—“Yes faith,” says Dick; “and now I see the old saying is true, that there is no creature on earth but the water has the same. What a wonderful thing it is!”

An old Female Methodist preached about the country, that she had been eleven months in Heaven. One of the audience started up, and said, “It was a pity she did not stay the other odd month, as she then might have gained a settlement.”

A Gentleman went to see his son at Westminster School, under the great Dr. Busby. When they were in discourse, over a bottle of wine, the Dr. sent for the boy. “Come,” says he, “young man, as your father is here, take a glass of wine,” and quoted this Latin sentence: *Paucum Vini, acuit Ingenium*. (A little wine sharpens the wit.) The lad replied, *ged plus Vini, plus Ingenii*.

(The more wine, the more wit!) "Hold, young man," replied the Doctor; "though you argue on mathematical principles, you shall have but one glass!"

A Cardinal, when he sat down to dinner, used to have a net placed upon the table, which, he said, was in token of humility, and allusive to his father's trade, a fisherman. As soon as he arrived at the Pontificate, the net ceremony was discontinued; and on being asked the reason, his Holiness replied, That then the fish was caught.

A woman went up to the reading-desk in St. Martin's church, Coney-street, York, all in tears, when the Rev. Mr.—— was praying for a sick person, and said, "Oh, dear Sir! you are praying for a poor woman who has been dead these three weeks!" He replied, "Never mind; she was a good woman, and we will soon bring her to life again."

A Quaker married a woman of the church of England. After the ceremony, the vicar asked for his fees, which he said, were a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said, if he would shew him any text in the scripture which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it unto him; upon which the vicar directly turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, verse 4th, where it says, *A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.* "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion; Solomon was a wise man: here are the five twelpenny pieces, and something besides to buy thee a pair of gloves."

Two Jesuits, on their passage for America, were desired by the Master to go down into the hold, as a storm was coming on; that they need not apprehend any danger as long as they heard the seamen curse and swear; but if once they were silent and quiet, he would advise them to betake themselves to prayers. Soon after the lay-brother goes to the hatches, to hear what was going forward, when he quickly returned, saying, all was over, for they swore like troopers, and their blasphemy alone was enough to sink the vessel.—"The Lord be praised for it," replied the other; "for then we are safe."

A Gentleman ordered a table to be made by one which had a drawer, but he said he would have it without, as he had no use for it. Away goes the man, who was an Irishman, and makes the table with a drawer; at which the gentleman stormed; where Paddy, in his defence, said, by his shoul, he could not make one without; but it should make no squares, for the gentleman might lock the drawer, and he would keep the key of it himself.

Dr. ——— (afterwards Dean of York) was once benighted and bogged upon Stockton Common. Being alone, he called aloud for help to some passengers who were returning from York Market. They immediately replied, "Who are you?" Upon which the Doctor, to secure their attention, enumerated his preferments, saying, "the Rector of Folkton, the Rector of Humanby, and the Vicar of Muston." "Nay marry," said one of them, "as you are so monny of you, you may e'en help one another out."

A Quack Doctor sent for a Farrier to look at his Horse. After the horse was found, the Doctor asked the man what he was indebted for his cure? He replied, "You know it is a rule never to take fees of the Profession."

A Gentleman's Servant let go his master's horse on the road, and seeing a man at a distance, called out to stop the horse. The man, who proved to be a sailor, threw a stone, and knocked the horse down; on which the servant, in a great fury, said, "I only told you to stop him." "Yes," answered the sailor, "and I did it effectually."

A man carried a bag about at Scarborough, in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat. The gentry flocked round him to see this great curiosity. When the man let the cat out of the bag, it proved a black one. He desired they would not wonder, as there were black cherries as well as red ones.

His present Majesty one day asked a very old gentleman in the drawing-room, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so healthy at his time of life? "Sire," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been a *horse*, and my apothecary an *ass*."

A droll fellow, who was an ostler at an inn in Smithfield, having heard much of the credulity of *John Bull*, and conceiving that he should be able to raise a good sum of money at his expence during the time of Bartholomew fair, hired an empty stable of his master for the three days it lasted, and having placed himself in a proper situation to attract the gaping multitude, began vociferously to exclaim, "Walk in, Gentlemen and Ladies, and see the surprising and prodigious *horse*; with his *tail where his head should be*, and his *head where his tail should be*. Only Twopence a piece." This was a fine bait for the Cocknies, who began to enter the stable like a torrent, to the great joy of the wag, who could hardly take their money fast enough; when lo! they had no sooner got in the inside, than they found an old horse *with his tail tied up to the manger!!!* The fellow begged they would not inform the people outside of the trick he had

put on them, as it would only raise a laugh against themselves, and spoil his harvest; and they were so mortified and ashamed at their own folly, that they did not. The consequence was, the fellow collected such a sum of money from the shoals of fools that gave him twopence a-piece, as enabled him to take a very capital public house, from which he has since retired with a good fortune.

Sanazarius being asked by Frederick, King of Naples, what he thought best to improve the eye-sight, answered, "Nothing is so good for it as Envy, because it makes all objects appear greater."

*The MADMAN and the FALCONER; or, the WATER of
INSANITY.*

During the latter part of the sixteenth century, there lived a Physician who was celebrated for curing persons labouring under a state of insanity. His method of treating them was, by making use of a small bath or tub, the water of which was impregnated with certain herbs, whose virtues he had discovered to be efficacious in curing such disorders; and according to the degree of insanity they laboured under, he made them stand in the bath either up to their knees, middle, breast, or chin; and sometimes, when the disorder was particularly violent, completely dipped them. One of his patients happening to come on a certain day when the Doctor was from home, as he was amusing himself by walking backwards and forwards before the house, which was situated in a road, with a tree before it, waiting the return of the Doctor, all of a sudden he heard a loud noise of men, horses, and dogs, and turning round, saw them fast approaching. Just as they came abreast of him, he stopped the gentleman at the head of them, who was most gallantly attired in a falconer's dress, and requested to know the meaning of the cavalcade; when the other informed him, that the whole were his attendants, whom he kept to wait on him in enjoying the sports of the field, and killing of game with his hawks. Upon which, the Madman, with an apparent degree of surprise, asked him what might be the expence of keeping up such an establishment; when the other answered "About Two Thousand pounds a Year." "And pray," said the Madman, "what may be the value of the game you kill in the course of a year?" "Value of the game!" replied the Gentleman, rather hurt at the question: "I do not kill it for the value of it: I do it for my pleasure, as I possess a large fortune. The value of the game may not be more than fifty pounds." "Indeed!" replied the Madman, astonished. "Then I would advise you," said he to him, very seriously, "to ride off with all the haste you possibly can." "For why?" said the Gentleman: "where's the danger?" "Because," replied the Madman, "if the Doctor who lives here should come home, and hear all this, he'll certainly plunge you over head and ears in the *Water of Insanity*."

A dispute happening between two officers on board a vessel, whose crew were a mixture of English and Irish, the officer who was partial to the latter country asserted, that the lower class of English did not inherit that quickness of intellect which the Irish possessed; and a bet having taken place upon the subject, it was to be decided by the answer which each countryman gave to a question that was proposed. The question was first proposed to the English sailor, and it was, "What he would take to go up *blind-fold* in a hard gale?" "I would take a month's pay," replied the fellow. "And you, Paddy," enquired the other officer, turning to him, "what would you take?" "Why, my dear Honey," replied he, "I would, indeed, *take very fast hold!*"

A country shop-keeper having occasion to remit to the Mayor of Derby the sum of twenty pounds in order that it might go with the greater safety, cut a bank-bill into two parts, and deposited each in a separate letter: he then wrote a third by way of advice, and sent them all by the same post.

The by-standers, to comfort a poor man who laid upon his death-bed, told him he should be carried to church by six lusty proper fellows.—"Thank you," says he, "but I had much rather go by myself."

A dispute having arisen in the family of Mr. A. between the maid and the coachman, about the fetching cream for breakfast, the gentleman called them both before him, to hear what they had to say. The girl said, "She had not time to fetch the cream." The coachman said, "It was not his business, which was to take care of the horses, and drive the coach." Upon which the gentleman ordered him to drive the maid in the coach every morning to fetch the cream.

LONDON INSCRIPTIONS.

The English have been called a nation of Philosophers, and there is an oracular ambiguity in our inscriptions to the different tradesmen's shops, which is as well calculated to *puzzle*, as the most abstruse line ever pronounced by the *Delphic Oracle*. To prevent the meaning of these little distichs being totally lost, an Academy of Inscriptions would be very useful; for, though these learned sages could not *correct* the licentiousness of the sentences, they might occasionally *explain* them. Without some such help, how liable are the following to misinterpretation!

In High Holborn is a sign which would lead one to fear heels and pattens must have an end with the shopkeeper, who has over his door, "The *Last Heel and Patten-maker*."

In Oxford-street there is a sign of the Bricklayer's-Arms, the motto of which being put in the same size with the articles dealt in,

it appears, "*Praise God for all Brandy, Rum, Uspuebaugh, and other spirituous Liquors.*" In the same street we read, "*Tyrell, and 127 Sons, Hofiers.*"

One of the disseminators of novels and nonsense, writes over his door, "*The Circulating Library Stationary.*"

By the ingenious contrivance of putting the name in the centre, in letters of equal magnitude, and similar form, you read, "*Cheese Hoare Monger*;" and, "*Clock and Green Watchmaker.*"

One gentlewoman informs us, that she *restores deafness*, and disorders in the eyes; and another, that she cures the jaundice in all, and the scurvy in both sexes.

"*Lodgings to be let unfurnished with every convenience,*" stares you in the face in every street in London.

On a board in Whitechapel-road, is written, "*To let, on a lease 87 feet long, and 58 feet broad.*"

Pity but neighbouring signs were either inscribed in different sizes, or the painter paid some attention to the pointing; for in Oxford-street we read, "*Books in all languages bought, sold, and stand at livery.*"

In a field in the vicinity of the metropolis is an inscription, which would lead a foreigner to suppose, that beating of carpets was a favorite amusement among the English. It is as follows: "You are particularly desired by the owner of this field, not to play at any diversion in the same, such as quoits, cricket, or beating of carpets. If you do, you will be prosecuted by W. R."

A want of orthography is sometimes productive of the equivocal, as in the following: Near Moofields is a place which we may suppose was once blest with a beauteous view; it now fronts the city Road, and is baptised by an Inscription, at the corner, "*Raffen Hurby Street.*"

On an ale-house door in Whitechapel is written, "*The Ladies door, full proof spirits.*"

Sterne says, that every animal in the creation as it grows older grows graver, except an old Woman, and she grows frisky.--It has been somewhere observed, that when an old Man has one foot in the grave, an old Woman has one foot in the stars. Life has been compared to the running of tea; though the first and last decoction be equally weak, the one gives the flavour of the herb, the other but its fœces. Lord Chetterfield says, a Man has but a bad bargain of it at the best; and the most natural conclusion is, that it is the shadow of a shade.—To CONCLUDE: A Man must laugh before he dies, or he must go out of the world without laughing!!!

